

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

*[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]*

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
We the top of the food chain motherfucker  
Stronghold in it, yo  
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)  
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)  
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)  
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)  
Don't get me pissed pussies

*[Hook: Poison Pen]*

Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters  
You better? Then please defeat us  
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us  
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders  
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters  
Always comment on your side as beepers  
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke  
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

*[Poison Pen]*

Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers  
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas  
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin  
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature  
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on  
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)  
It's on, your block, your street  
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf  
When you run shit, Stronghold shit  
I need a chain I can jump rope with  
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem  
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most  
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace  
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras  
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists  
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

*[Hook]*

*[Poison Pen]*

Pen Pen nigga look good  
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb  
With an impact on hip-hop  
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique, top of the food chain  
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain  
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen  
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again  
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you  
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you  
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you  
Haven't you got the picture yet?  
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug  
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'  
Because you lack the chromos'  
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

*[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]*

*[Poison Pen]*

If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in  
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment  
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out  
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth  
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three  
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip  
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses  
That point and click without red browsers  
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems  
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz  
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us  
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush  
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate  
They treat my nuts like imported grapes  
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain  
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin